MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VII. OCTOBER, 1912 No. 8

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ALEXANDER BERKMAN - - - EDITOR
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ALEXANDER BERKMAN

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Vol. VII **OCTOBER, 1912** **No. 8**

THE BALLOT

By DYER D. LUM.

THE sacred ballot—idol woman craves—
We laugh to scorn. Whene'er we crowd the mart
Where labor sells its strength, unto what heart
Doth suffrage bring relief? When hunger raves
Hath he who votes more food than he who slaves?
Or they who with their household's treasurer part
To purchase bread, doth suffrage give a chart
To better times, or sod their pauper graves?
Ye fools! who dream that statecraft can do aught
But limit freedom to the beaten track,
Where economic slaves their daily task
Perform, and when ye rise relief to ask
Do find your ballots have for others wrought
And clothed with power to drive you trembling back.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

ON the 29th of October it will be eleven years since Leon Czolgosz died in the electric chair at Auburn Prison. He shot President McKinley, the most servile and willing agent the plutocracy of America ever had in the White House. During the McKinley régime the government began to play quite openly the rôle of the retainer of the rich, with the result that to-day it represents only the dictates of a few money princes. At the same time there began under Mark Hanna, McKinley's real boss, that labor policy, which on the one hand advised the workers legally to incorporate their organizations, and on the other held bayonets ready, to murder them as soon as they evidenced signs of independent action. It did not require much effort, under the McKinley rule, for the masters to procure the mobilization of troops against their striking workers.

The act of Czolgosz was one of the results of this situation. His shots proved that now and then pressure from above finds an echo below that does not sound very pleasantly in the ears of the masters. This has ever been the case, since the first oppressor found his Brutus.

The best cure against *Attentate* is liberty, equality, and well-being for all. But as our perverted public opinion—fabricated by the mouthpieces of the ruling interests—could not stomach this simple truth, Czolgosz had to be represented as a very monster, devoid of all humanity.

Let them continue to assert it—his attitude in court, his manly demeanor all through his terrible ordeal, proved that his act resulted from the very disposition and motives which mankind generally considers as the noblest.

We have not the least doubt that the future historians, who will not be content with picturing the glories of great generals and their armies, but who will deal with the struggles of humanity for greater freedom, will assign to Leon Czolgosz a more honorable niche in the temple of humanity, than to William McKinley.

* * *

WE also commemorate in these days the anniversary of Francisco Ferrer's death. Three years ago, on October 13th, 1909, Ferrer was shot to death by the bul-

lets of Spanish soldiers. But behind them stood not only the government: the Church directed their aim. She decreed that it was a capital crime to build free schools in the classic land of the Inquisition. Besides worldly possessions, the Catholic Church covets nothing more than a monopoly of benighting the people. She claims that this monopoly has been directly entrusted to her by the Lord Himself; and indeed, no one has understood better than the Catholic Church to use the mailed fist of the government to destroy those who offered her the least opposition.

Francisco Ferrer was neither a leader nor a participant in the Barcelona uprising, in the summer of 1909. But he had devoted his great ability, his efforts and labor to further the cause of libertarian education and to the founding of free schools in Spain, whose teaching was anti-authorian and anti-religious. That was enough to throw him into prison, and to decree his murder, under a flimsy pretext.

The old custom of the Church to pull wires behind the stage, while putting on a pious face of angelic innocence before the footlights, stood her in good stead also on this occasion. Indeed, she had good reason to act thus, because no murder more foul and cowardly has ever been committed. Even the "divine consent" cannot alter this fact.

To judge from reliable reports, the Ferrer meetings in Spain this year will come under the sign of the General Strike, and we may feel confident that resistance to governmental and Church tyranny is gaining in strength, in spite of all clerical and lay inquisition.

In New York the third anniversary of Francisco Ferrer's death will be commemorated Sunday, October 13th, 8 P. M., at Clinton Hall, 157 Clinton Street.

* * *

BEFORE election the voter is a most comical and pathetic figure. In the midst of the furious battle that is raging on paper between the various presidential and other candidates, he stands like a forlorn step-child, dimly suspecting that whichever way he turn, he will be on a wrong track. He may vote blue, white, or red, but however he casts his ballot, he always votes to continue his slavery. The "sovereign" voter

exercises his suffrage to announce that he will have rulers; he declares himself so stupid and impotent that he must have some one to manage his life for him, and that he, together with his fellow voters, is so incapable of arranging his individual and public affairs that he needs for the purpose the corrupt government system, from the village sheriff to the president.

The only miserable concession made to him is the permission to pick out his choice of the evils—political candidates—submitted to him. And even in this he is generally duped. That he emerges from the swamp with a bitter feeling of having been played for a fool is self-evident.

* * *

IT seems that the character quality of the people's "leaders" and statesmen has considerably declined since the days of Moses.

According to the Scriptures, Moses had one day surprised his people in the act of paying homage to the golden calf. Wroth over the unholy spectacle, he forthwith destroyed the image of the false god.

Compare with that the attitude of our presidential candidates. They know that the golden calf is the supreme ruler, and that they will pay it homage and be obedient to its will when they are placed in the White House. But they are too cowardly to admit it. They yearn with their whole soul for the blessing of the golden calf; to be in favor with its high priests is their chief ambition. Yet they solemnly protest their abhorrence of the idol; they will have nothing to do with it, they assure the people; they will even try their utmost to destroy it, like unto Moses, they assert—if they will only get enough votes to have a safe majority.

Miserable liars! One and all they are dangling on the strings held in hand by the high priests of the golden calf, and no one knows it better than themselves.

* * *

LABOR discontent is becoming so wide-spread, the masters find it necessary to resort to wholesale arrests and trials. Besides Lawrence and Indianapolis,

there is going on at present another labor trial in Lake Charles, La.

Fifty-eight men, ranging in age from sixteen to nearly seventy, are charged with murder, in connection with the affray which occurred between union and non-union mill workers at the saw mill of the Galloway Lumber Company on Sunday, July 7. Sixty-five men were originally indicted by the Grand Jury, but it was found afterward that four of the men had been indicted twice under different names, while one man has since died of injuries received in the conflict, one was killed while resisting arrest, and one has evaded capture so far. The remaining fifty-eight were placed in custody and have been in jail now for more than two months.

The defendants are all men of limited means, or no means at all. The only prominent figure among them is Al Emerson, President of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers, who started that organization three years ago, and in May effected its affiliation with the Industrial Workers of the World.

Capital and government have virtually declared a war of extermination against organized labor, especially against the more radical wing of the proletariat. Let labor accept the challenge, and act accordingly.

* * *

ONE of the most encouraging events in connection with the trial of Ettor, Giovannitti, and Caruso is the great number of international demonstrations in favor of the accused labor leaders. In Rome, London, Paris, and many other places mass meetings have taken place, in which the judicial farce at Salem was energetically condemned.

An encouraging sign of the trial at Salem—the place, by the way, where the good Christian custom of witch-burning was kept up the longest—is that the prosecution finds great difficulty in securing a jury to try the case. The attitude of many of the talesmen indicates that a deep, wide-spread disgust with the workings of "justice" permeates the people. From the replies of the men examined for the jury it is apparent that they resent being used as tools to do the dirty work of the masters, in sending the accused labor men to the electric chair.

The majesty of the law has suffered considerably from the circumstance that it is being regarded as a guillotine for the poor, in the hands of the rich.

* * *

DETECTIVE BURNS and Stool-pigeon McManigal are again about to save society, in the rôle of witnesses for the State in the trial of the fifty-one labor officials in Indianapolis, on the charge of "conspiracy to transport dynamite." The trial will probably continue for several months.

What would governments do without professional traitors and paid man-hunters? How would they enforce the principle of organized violence, the foundation of their existence.

* * *

THE American nation may now rejoice in the Congressional permission to spend 15 million dollars for a new slaughter machine. The jingoes had demanded two new battleships, but finally compromised on one, no doubt in the hope that God will preserve the patriotic leprosy long enough to accomplish their designs later on.

In the discussion over increasing the military strength of the country, it was asserted that a powerful army and navy serves to preserve the peace of the nations. This argument was long ago aptly answered by Montesquieu, when he said: "A new disease has spread itself throughout Europe; it has taken hold of our princes and led them to maintain an inordinate number of troops. It has its paroxysms and becomes necessarily contagious, for, as soon as one State augments its troops, the others forthwith augment theirs, so that they gain nothing by it but a common ruin. Each monarch keeps on foot as many armed men as he would have if his people were in danger of being attacked without provocation and exterminated, and they call this rivalry of all against all, Peace."

Of course, the opponents of war can't comprehend the emotions of the great American financier who has secured for a song valuable concessions in Mexico or Nicaragua, for instance, which will bring him a

great fortune, and then suddenly finds obstacles placed in his path. He immediately recollects the duty of his government to protect the "honor of his country" at the point of the cannon, and it is purely accidental that his concessions, secured at so much expenditure of diplomacy and intrigue, are identical with the honor of his country. That is the reason that about three thousand American soldiers have been sent to Nicaragua, and for the same cause certain financial circles are seeking to incite war with Mexico.

* * *

RECENTLY *Collier's Weekly* has been discussing the question whether Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, who is under suspicion of being hand in glove with the corruptionists of the Republican party, is fit to be continued as president of the college.

It is a vain question. The head of a Berlin university once permitted himself the confession that the university serves as the intellectual bodyguard of the Hohenzollern. There is not the least doubt that in this country also there is no lack of professors and teachers, whose pedagogic efforts are directed toward supplying our Rockefellers and Morgans with intellectual bodyguards.

* * *

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

It is no pleasant thing for us constantly to remind our friends of their indebtedness to MOTHER EARTH. Therefore we are compelled to call to the attention of our delinquent subscribers the fact that we shall be forced to take all the unpaid subscriptions off our mailing list, if they do not renew at once.

WORKINGMEN, DON'T VOTE!

THE augurs of the political parties are again after your vote. When they come to you now, they put on a happy grin; but look out! After the elections they will turn to you their posterior—to their own real delight.

Give them the answer they deserve. Tell them you are tired of paper promises and platforms, tired of squabbling over political tatters, because you have learned that they are only a noose with which your liberty and your own will are strangled.

The workingman who casts his vote into the ballot box only throws his initiative and his own power into the gutter. He authorizes political scoundrels, corruptionists and grafters to lord it over him, and to rob him in partnership with the land speculators and other exploiters.

Stop and consider what this deceiving profession of politicians—of all and every party—really is. As soon as they land their coveted offices, they turn the legal pimps of the big and little exploiters. Their business is to lull your discontent and wrath with lying promises and empty reforms; and, if that fails, to put you down with their soldiers, militia and police.

Are you going to continue to play the dupe, and elect your own subjection as "the best ticket"? Will you be so stupid as to hand to your masters the whip with which to lash you into greater misery and degradation?

Your rights as men have been trampled under foot; are being thus trampled continually. Throughout the country the workers are treated like so much cattle. They are suppressed and enslaved; their assemblies are invaded and broken up; they are clubbed and maltreated, and thrown into the jails. Every day strikers are beaten up by the police, shot down like dogs, and sent to prison. The least resistance on their part is stamped as crime, and is strangled with the iron hand of capitalist law.

The only thing that is ironically left to you from the glories of the Republic is the right of Suffrage—the "right" to sign away your manhood and seal your own humiliation and servitude on election day.

Fellow-workers! Don't expect to get your right

from the despicable gang of vote peddlers. They will never come to your rescue. You must help yourself, and act for yourself. Exercise your own energy and initiative. Realize your own needs, assert your own will, and learn to take instead of begging for the crumbs that might fall from the table of your masters.

Organize with your fellow-workers on the lines of your common economic interests. Stand shoulder to shoulder in international solidarity, and you will be strong enough to liberate the world from the robber capitalism and from the murderous rule of government.

Prepare your heart and your mind for the liberating thought that you yourselves are your own saviors.

Don't vote! Down with the political procurers and their graft schemes!

❦ ❦ ❦

FRANCISCO FERRER THREE YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

BY LEONARD ABBOTT.

THE shot that killed Francisco Ferrer at Montjuich Fortress on October 13, 1909, is still reverberating through the world. In practically every country his name is known. The Belgians have been the first to erect a statue in his memory. An Englishman, William Archer, has written the best biography of him. A Dane, the greatest living literary critic, George Brandes, has paid him the most noteworthy tribute. A Spaniard, Ferrer's successor in Barcelona, Lorenzo Portet, has just printed a posthumous work by Ferrer, describing his labors for the Modern School. In America, such men as Lester F. Ward, Robert Henri, Bayard Boyesen and George Bellows have felt that they honored themselves in honoring Ferrer. During the past year the Ferrer School in New York has heard from correspondents in Norway, Australia and the Dutch West Indies. If anything is certain, it is the immortality of Francisco Ferrer in the hearts and minds of men.

Ferrer's reputation is bound to become even more firmly established as the years go on, because the ideas for which he stood are growing. He knew that education must be liberated from the dogmas that stifle it

to-day, and he recognized in this not merely a Spanish problem, but a world-problem. He was not the originator of libertarian education, but he became its best-known exponent. He was in the direct line of an educational movement that can be traced back, through Tolstoy, Pestalozzi and Froebel, to Rousseau, and that is influencing at the present moment school methods everywhere. Since his death, the Italian doctor, Madame Montessori, has begun to make an impression. She is a gifted woman and has made a real contribution toward freer educational methods. But she is a Roman Catholic, and she does not see as deep or as far as Francisco Ferrer. Ferrer is the ultimate figure in this movement.

To those who are watching here in America, a great change in educational theory is apparent. "Educational insurgery" is the order of the day. Many experiments in school methods are being initiated. Bruce Calvert has published a booklet on "Rational Education" in which he reminds us that the teacher can learn from the pupil as much as the pupil can learn from the teacher. Prof. Boris Sidis, of Harvard University, is the author of a book, "Philistine and Genius," which is all that the most ardent radical could desire. In it he makes a memorable and eloquent plea for what might be called the Greek attitude toward education—the encouragement and expression of genius and of a perfect balance between mind and body. "We school and drill our children and youth," he says, "in schoolma'am mannerism, schoolmaster mind-ankylosis, school superintendent stiff-joint ceremonialism, factory regulations and office discipline. We give our students and pupils artisan inspiration and business spirituality. Originality is suppressed. Individuality is crushed. Mediocrity is at a premium. That is why our country has such clever business men, such cunning artisans, such adroit leaders of new cults, but no scientists, no artists, no philosophers, no statesmen, no genuine talent, and no true genius." Superintendents of Schools in several cities are in open revolt against the present system. "If the American schools of the past," observes Superintendent S. L. Heeter, of the Saint Paul, Minn., Schools, "have developed on the democratic theory that children are equal, they will develop in the future in the knowledge that all children are different. If the schools

in the past made a desperate effort to make all children alike, they will make as great an effort in the future to make all children different." An American magazine with a million circulation is at the present moment carrying on a crusade against the public schools on the ground that they attempt "the impossible feat of making one course for all children, absolutely irrespective of physical strength, mentality, inheritance, home environment, or whether the children are to become lawyers or blacksmiths, artists or car conductors."

So the spirit of Francisco Ferrer lives on in a world that killed him for his faith. So the seed he tended is growing into a mighty tree whose branches shall cover the earth.

A LETTER FROM ABROAD

London, September 16.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

I have been asked to contribute an article to the Ferrer number of MOTHER EARTH, but I have preferred to write not an article, but a personal letter to the members and friends of the Ferrer Association. An "article" seems to me a cold-blooded thing to address to friends (and who but our friends will read this MOTHER EARTH?). I want to talk to you and with you, not write at you. And a letter allows one so lavish a use of the egotistic pronoun!

When you get to this you will already have learned the history of our association and our school from the articles of friends who were radicals before I was born. I came upon the scene many months after the toil and turmoil of inception, and found the great work already well under way. I came from an institution where the mere mention of Ferrer would have been rebuked with holy horror; and I have no doubt that our little school suffered a good deal from my lack of training in the science of libertarian teaching. What little experience I now have I have achieved at the expense of the children, by making mistakes from which they suffered; it has been said of me, very truly, that I learned more from them than they learned from me.

I think this lack of an experienced teacher was the greatest difficulty besetting us; but it was only one of a thousand difficulties. Millionaires do not innovate, and we were innovators;—to say that is to give the clue to our difficulties. Show me a great idea that began rich, and I will show you how to pass a camel through the eye of a needle. We needed a hundred and one things that other schools had come to look upon as absolute essentials; we needed a hundred and one things that even now we can only hope and strive for, but not yet enjoy. Indeed, there were times when the things that we needed loomed up so large beside the things that we had that I might have played the coward and given up the ship (perchance a good thing for the ship) had it not been for the example and inspiration of men and women whose ardor had learned to survive disappointment. To have met these men and women, to have learned from them and been influenced by them,—I cannot begin to tell how much this has meant to me.

I was asked to write about Ferrer, and here I am, inevitably, talking about myself. I want to tell you, before I let you go, about the Ferrer monument in Brussels. I doubt if there is a finer conception, more beautifully executed, among all the public monuments of Europe. A bronze figure, life-size, absolutely nude, holding aloft a blazing torch, and standing on tip-toe—every muscle tense—that the light may shine the farther; could there be any fitter form for a monument to Ferrer? Oh, to be a bearer of the torch, even if only for a little while!—could one ask any more of whatever gods there be?

Did you know that on the day when the news of Ferrer's death reached Milan a group of radicals ran a black flag from one of the lofty spires of the great cathedral there?—or that the citizens of Florence gave the name of Ferrer to a street that had before borne the name of an archbishop? (These things Kropotkin told me;—a gentle, fatherly old man whom I learned to love even while he was scolding me for lecturing so much about sex.) And I met in Paris a man who had taught under Ferrer, and who informed me that the Ferrer schools were being reopened throughout Spain. *E pur si muove,* as Galileo said; the world does move after all, and truth

goes marching on. Most people respect truth only after it has become a platitude; those who dare respect and recognize it sooner are called revolutionaries, and are crucified in some one or other gentle way,—burnt at the stake like Bruno, stabbed at like Spinoza, or shot like Ferrer. But as the world moves on one perceives that it is the crucified who live, and the persecutors who are dead.

I write this from London, perforce many days before you can read it; before you read it I shall be back with you, ashamed of having had so long and splendid a vacation, and anxious to get to work. What stories I shall be able to tell the boys and girls who come to me, what pictures I shall be able to show them! I understand that you have all been working hard while I have been playing with Baedeker and Kodak; but I hope to do a little work myself when I get back.

Yours,

WILL DURANT.

IMPROVED POLICE TACTICS

WHOEVER is not quite clear about the rôle of government and authority in the social struggle, could learn a lesson from the terror practiced against labor in various parts of the country. There is always the usual Trinity on hand: the militia, the police, and the private army of plug-uglies.

The busiest scene of this plutocratic activity is just now Lawrence, Mass. Here the manufacturers and the city authorities, led by Mayor Scanlon—who seems to be a bed-fellow of Mayor Wilson, of San Diego infamy—are carrying on a veritable reign of terror against the workers. They have made use of the demonstration strike of the textile workers—a most wonderful expression of spontaneous solidarity with the imprisoned labor men—to organize veritable orgies of brutality.

The manufacturers have called King Hunger to their aid. When, on the morning after the strike, the men returned to work, they found the gates closed upon them. The excluded had drawn upon themselves

the wrath of the bosses: they had manifested solidarity with their brothers in prison. For that they were to be chastised. "Submit or starve," was the dictum of the masters, made more effective by the murderous Cossacks of Mayor Scanlon.

With cynical approval the New York *Sun* dwells on the successful manner in which the clubs saved the situation. It writes:

> Over fifty textile operatives at the Arlington mill were clubbed into insensibility early to-day when they attempted to storm the gates which had been shut on them. The police caught the mob of 200 in a "blind" street before the mill gates and waded into them with swinging clubs, making no effort to arrest any one. In three minutes the pavement was covered with prostrate forms. Then the crowd, which had been fighting with bare fists against the police clubs, broke in terror through the three lines of bluecoats. . . . The police handled the situation during the day without any regard for the heads of the strikers. The rule was to hit and hit hard and the policemen obeyed.
>
> They brought new tactics into display against the mob and with wonderful success, showing that their recent drilling under the charge of the State police had brought good results. Instead of traveling singly as they had in the previous strike, the policemen yesterday went about in large squads with a sergeant in command of each. They stayed together always. When there was a disturbance or a mob to be broken up the squads would form and charge. There would be a free use of the clubs, strikers being struck down apparently indiscriminately, and as soon as their work was done and the crowd dispersed the squads would form again and be off for work in some other section of the city.

This is the latest, improved method of successfully handling mobs—the same "mob" that has created the wealth of the textile barons and made Lawrence a great city and industrial center.

This "wonderful success" inspired Mayor Scanlon to still greater effort. He has officially declared that he would have order "if he had to import a hundred more clubbers." No doubt the funds needed to pay these professional cut-throats will be cheerfully supplied by the capitalist beneficiaries.

So far everything has been "successful and efficient"; only one little question remains: Will "the mob" always remain the mob? Will it not some day realize that it is itself the people, the producers of the world's wealth; and that it possesses the power to

smash to pieces the walls of the capitalistic bastille, cemented with tears and blood.

* * *

Meanwhile the trial of Ettor and Giovannitti is continued at Salem. From the very beginning it is apparent that the prosecution has not a leg to stand on, and that the accusations are a mess of absurd generalities which, if to be considered "evidence," would bring every man active in a cause to the penitentiary or the gallows.

The most vicious feature of the situation is the brazen indifference to the facts which disprove the charges against the accused labor men. Considering that it has been abundantly proved that it was the textile bosses who were at the bottom of the conspiracy; and further that these conspirators induced their agents to plant dynamite among the strikers to enable the police bloodhounds to "find" evidence; in view of the fact that Wm. Wood, the leader of the rich canaille, has been indicted for the dynamite planted—in view of all this, the thinking man can readily see that it was these very dynamite conspirators who have framed up the murder charge. If the authorities of Lawrence had even tried to preserve the appearance of "justice," why was not the police officer Benoit put on trial, against whom numerous witnesses swore that he fired the fatal shot?

The authorities and the prosecuting attorney evidently do not want to see the obvious interrelation of these important facts. But many people see it very clearly, and these cannot but express the verdict that justice is ever more shamelessly becoming the despicable tool of our modern Croesuses.

DIRECT ACTION

Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

A VOICE FROM PRISON

San Diego Bastille, Sept. 30, 1912.

MISS EMMA GOLDMAN:

My dear Friend—Your kind letter received to-day. It is a joy to hear from you. The first two months of my confinement are gone, and I don't think that they have been wasted, for when I raise my voice in here I always have a willing audience, and my cell is the headquarters of the rebellious prisoners. We had one strike and won out. That gave the boys confidence in their own power and now they make life miserable for the jailors. We have some Mexicans beside us and though we cannot talk to them, by our actions we have shown them that being in jail does not necessitate being submissive to the will of the jailors. The strike was a great success. The jailor ordered the men out to work on the new jail. Three of us refused to go. When we got locked up, we kept up the agitation and we got four more to join our ranks, and for five days they kept us locked up, on bread and water. We drank the water and used the bread as missiles which we threw at the jailors. Twice a day we got seven pieces of bread, and twice a day we threw it at the jailor. On the fifth day the Sheriff himself came up to see what was the matter. I told him in language more plain than polite. He ordered that we be given back all our privileges and said the jailors had no right to punish us without his permission. The bunch outside was giving him hell so he had to blame someone. Since then this bunch has made life miserable for the men who handle the keys. We refuse to work, and when a morphine fiend is brought in we raise so much hell that so far they have all been taken to the hospital. To-day one of the jailors told me that this tank had more privileges than any of the others and yet you are not satisfied, and concluded by saying that we gave them more trouble than all the other tanks put together. So much for the Spirit of Solidarity in the six month tank. Dear friend, I received books to-day for which I thank you. They will help to educate the new rebels, for I want them to carry the rebellious spirit out with them, and unless it is based on something big they may lose it when they go back to their old haunts. I have just heard that the workers of

Lawrence don't believe in passive resistance. Good for them. What do you think of those damned (foreigners) in Bingham, Utah. They wouldn't listen to Moyer, but went on strike. He then made the best of a bad job by counselling peace (damn that word). Meet the bullets of the deputy sheriffs with a smile, so advised the yellow dog (with apologies to the dog). But the Greeks couldn't see it the same way as did the Irish in Cripple Creek. Well, I like the idea of the barricades, they seem to be more suitable for defence than the Confessional. Governor Spry told one truth when he said: If we send in the troops there will be bloodshed. I believe he's right. All success to the fighting miners in the Mormon country.

CHRISTIAN CIVILISATION IN WAR AND PEACE

ITALY has abolished the death penalty at home. But in "the colonies" the good Catholic government of Italy continues to practise the most unspeakable crimes of murder and rapine.

This cartoon illustrates one of the many atrocities committed by the Italian government against the Arabs, who are guilty only of defending their firesides against robber invasion.

For exposing this cartoon to public view in the Social Library of Paterson, N. J., Comrade Ludovico Caminita, who drew the picture, and F. Gallo, secretary of the Library, have been arrested by the authorities of our free country for "inciting to revolt against a friendly power."

The "crime" is punishable with a maximum of fifteen years. The prisoners have been put under $1,000 bail each, and are awaiting trial.

Could lickspittledom to another government go further than the action of the Paterson authorities. We wish it were true that holding up the mirror to murderous government is sufficient to waken the people to revolt.

THE CASE OF ALDAMAS

ALEXANDER ALDAMAS, member of the Marine Firemen's Union, is at present lying in a police cell accused of having injured an *agent provocateur* of the shipping companies, as well as three policemen, on the night of July 8, 1912.

The facts of the case are these:

Monday night at 9 o'clock there came into the M. F. U.'s Brooklyn Branch, at 17 Hamilton Avenue, several evil-minded men who told the Delegate that a certain number of Firemen were needed by the Morgan Line and that they must be sent up. Inasmuch as the Union was at that time on strike against the said steamship line, the Delegate replied that it would be impossible for him to send anyone.

Thereupon these rough and tumble members of society began to insult the Delegate, trying to provoke him to fight. Being unable to get the Delegate excited, they threatened him with firearms. Immediately several members present took the part of the Delegate and put the intruders on the street. A brawl ensued, in which one of the provocateurs, whose name is González, went sprawling. On the instant a policeman sprang out from a hiding place and undertook to arrest the assailant of González, but before the cop could drag him off, he laid

him low with a well-aimed shot. Two other policemen were shot, but finally our comrade was arrested.

Upon appearing before Judge Reynolds he complained of the tortures inflicted on him by the police upon his reaching the jail. His head was swollen all over; his eyes were bruised into two big lumps, and his body was a mass of sores. That was the way those highway thieves and murderers treated this man of courage when they got him where they wanted him.

It is understood that the shipping companies are doing their best to prejudice the authorities against Aldamas and have him railroaded to the electric chair. They want to rush the case through, so as to prevent the preparation of proper defense.

We must all exert ourselves and look about for funds to defend our comrade and have him freed from the clutches of the capitalist justice, which lets millionaire robbers go free and kills off or buries in cells the staunchest, bravest, foremost fighters in the ranks of the workers, struggling to obtain a better bite of bread.

A subscription list must be started to help out our comrade, to defend him before a corrupt court of justice and to make his stay in jail as comfortable as possible.

All comrades in New York, as well as those scattered along the coast and abroad are asked at this time to show their solidarity for Aldamas, who well deserves every honest laborer's support for having acted so boldly in behalf of Labor.

* * *

Send all contributions to Laureano Builes, treasurer, care of Marine Firemen's Union, 229 West Street, New York City.

SYNDICALISM

BY HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

ALMA MATER Columbia bestowed upon our Comrade Levine the mysterious shibboleth Ph.D. I do not know whether friend Levine gained in wisdom in the intellectual factory of Nicolas Murray Butler, but he certainly succeeded in writing a good book on Syndicalism, the subject which he chose as his thesis.

The study appears in the series on History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. It is called "The Labor Movement in France, a Study in Revolutionary Syndicalism,"* and has an introduction by Professor Franklin H. Giddings. This book is undoubtedly the best work on Syndicalism which has so far appeared in the English language, and it will surely help to dispel many false conceptions on this subject, at present so much abused. Of course, one must take into account the limitations under which the author labored. Yet notwithstanding all limitations he was able to give us in his book not only a good account of Syndicalism in theory and practice, but also a short but very precise history of the workingmen's movement in France during the last century. Most of the recent effusions of our bourgeois writers who have just discovered Syndicalism are simply "borrowed" from Levine's book. As usual they succeed only too well in ignoring the point of the subject. They use their newly acquired knowledge merely to embellish their daily or weekly pabulum.

Syndicalism produces nowadays a veritable nightmare in the lives of the Socialist politicians. For decades they fed the proletariat on promises. They thought they were clever when they called upon the workingman to "strike at the ballot box," and now they are surprised to see that he really strikes at the ballot box; that he refuses to elect his own betrayers. No wonder the politicians are enraged at Syndicalism, for what else is Syndicalism but direct action against corrupt political participation in the bourgeois society? The workers turn their backs on their leaders and accept direct tactics as propagated by the Anarchists since the days of the old *Internationale*.

"It is necessary," writes Jouhaux, secretary of the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, "that the proletariat should know that between parliamentary Socialism, which is tending more and more toward a simple democratization of existing social forms, and Syndicalism, which pursues the aim of a complete social transforma-

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* THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN FRANCE. By Louis Levine, Columbia University, New York. To be had at the office of Mother Earth. Price, $1.50.

tion, there is not only divergence of methods, but particularly divergence of aims."

And our comrade Yvetot, secretary of the section of *Bourses du Travail,* declares at the Congress of Toulouse: "I am reproached with confusing Syndicalism with Anarchism. It is not my fault if Anarchism and Syndicalism have the same ends in view. The former pursues the integral emancipation of the individual; the latter the integral emancipation of the workingman. I find the whole of Syndicalism in Anarchism."

This new revolt of the conscious workingman is not "made" by intellectuals like Sorel, Berth, and Lagardelle, but comes direct from the rank and file of the manual worker. This Levine accentuates especially, and on this point too much stress cannot be laid. It is the worker who forms his theory from the practice of his daily life.

We do not agree with Levine when he declares that "some Anarchists are only too glad to be considered the creators of the movement and to maintain a view which is a tribute to their organizing ability and to their influence."

In the last issues of *Freedom,* Peter Kropotkin says very well: "The Anarchists have never imagined that it was they who gave to the Syndicalist movement its present conception of its duties toward the regeneration of society. They have never put forward the absurd pretension of being the leaders of the great movements of thought which lead mankind to a progressive development. But what we may claim for ourselves in full confidence is, that we understood from its beginnings the immense importance of the ideas which now constitute the leading aim of Syndicalism.

"These . . . fundamental ideas are not our invention. They are nobody's invention. Life itself has dictated them to nineteenth century civilization, and upon us lies now the duty of realizing them in life. Our pride is only that we have understood them; that we defended them through those dark years when they were trampled underfoot by the Social Democratic politicians and their would-be philosophers; and that we still intend to remain true to them."

THE PASSING OF THE FAMILY

By Ada May Krecker.

NOW it is spring, now summer, now harvest, now the great white sabbath day of winter. In springtime we speed the spring. And no struggle of ours can revivify the dead winter. In summer we speed the summer. Springtime is gone past our recall.

So the changing world with its revolving institutions moves from one order to another. In days of empire we speed empire. In days of democracy we speed democracy. The philosopher lives with equal personal peace of mind in an empire or in a democracy. And finding himself in the one or the other sees it waxing or waning, rising or falling, solely as it harmonizes or jars with the tendencies of the times, as it is congenial or not with the *Zeitgeist.* He favors everything in its own season. He simply sees some things as coming, some as going, some as relics of the past, some as guerdons of the future.

To-day empire and group life belong to the past, and democracy and individualism to the present and future. And whatever impedes the perfect expression of the individual is doomed to depart. That is why caste and clan have gone. That is why the nation will go. That is why the family will go.

In group life differentiation comes in the groups. The individuals of any one group are alike. And until all the group lines vanish there is no individualization. Nor is there socialization. One group is pitted against the other. Nation against nation. Caste against caste. Family versus the cold outside world. Some time the blood bond of the family will seem primitive, materialistic, unsocial. And there will be no cold, hard outside world. Everything will be inside. And it will be warm and cosy.

The family has been dissolving at least ever since the old unskilled labors of the household have been passing from the fireside to become organized mammoth industries. Remain only cookery and child culture. And they are leaving the ancient moorings *pari pasu* with rising standards. Our magnifying demands upon our cuisine and all household comfort will soon dissatisfy

us with the private dwelling, where, try as we may, with any amount of effort, we cannot arrive at the luxury and beauty of any good hotel, for example, without any trying at all from us. The time for housekeeping! the thought! the care! And in the end, slave as we will, spend as we will, the hotel wins out at every point! The last word of luxury is not in the multiplication of maids and footmen and mansions, but in the charms and convenience of our environment, the ease of our living, the relief from responsibility. You can dine twenty guests on a moment's notice at a hotel. And each guest can feast on just what he fancies. You can lodge all twenty for the night or for a hundred nights, and when they are gone your house is no bigger than before. It expands for twenty or contracts for one in the twinkling of an eye, perfectly plastic in housing, feeding, service, and better in all of them than with a whole retinue of private flunkeys, without your responsibility for one!

That is the reason the rich flock to the hotels. They are quick to see and to seize any advantage. Even the queenly reign over a magnificent menage is abandoned as a burden so soon as the easier way shows. Bye and bye, we are all going to live in something which our current hotels picture more perfectly than anything else of the present. And that will do away with a good many customs of the private household for merely making the machinery run smoothly that tend to knit the family members together in a common life. At the hotel they can come and go, eat, sleep, rise, go to bed without referring to the programs of the other members of the group. With the private house a family sometimes clings together just in order to keep up a home for all. But at a hotel, no. If any can live away more agreeably he simply gives up his apartment, or when some one comes back another apartment is taken, and so on. Aside from the sheer relish of each other's society there will be little reason for any of the family to remain together.

No. Not even mother and young child. The ideal for child care and child culture will rise altogether out of reach of any one mother single-handed. We have our beginning of big common play grounds which will evolve to dimensions now undreamed, gorgeous parks with fairyland and story book delights, juvenile art, science,

athletics. We have our public creches and nurseries. In due season they will distance far any private nursery, however palatial, now in existence. There will be kindergarten experts, athletic experts, art and music experts, story tellers, incomparable furnishings that fit baby bodies, toys, books, gymnastic and other fit appurtenances, juvenile dietaries, and the big priceless association with other children. There will be how much larger a viewpoint for the children, how much wider sympathies, how much more fun and knowledge and vigor than for the solitary home children of to-day under the influence of one, two or three persons, mostly un-understanding adults, mama herself often unfitted by nature to entertain or to develop them. Mama, with a high temper or tense nerves, has her children at bay. And their temper and training simply suffer the consequences. But the public servant with like disqualifying traits cannot keep her position. She has to be fit or some one who is takes her place.

In New York is a baby's hospital, a paradise for infants with scientific paraphernalia, attendance and general baby luxuries that the private home cannot hope ever to rival. And when some such places and better abound, as they will abound, there will be more mothers who will place their babies in the hospital than there will be mothers to essay the concerns and the exertions, to the detriment of the children, of caring for their babies themselves. From the moment of borning they can be freed practically of every personal ministry to the little ones. And the very reason that now prompts them to keep their children to themselves will then prompt them to give their children largely or wholly into the keeping of others.

In the past the isolated home has proved the best place for the child, because we have lived isolatedly and put our best into the isolation. And the home with the capital H has been merely a makeshift for unfortunate other peoples' children who in our unsocial isolation have evoked only our left-over thought and planning. But in the future the opposite. The same forces that have built trusts to supersede with measureless superiority the myriad petty establishments which they have superseded, will build the big dwelling places and playgrounds and

nurseries for to-morrow's children and make them measurelessly better fitted to our socialized ideals of to-morrow than could possibly be the private little homes of to-day which they will supersede. The child will be just as delightfully cared for away from the mother as with the mother, so that just how much of the mother's society will be given to the child will depend mainly on personal tastes and mutual congeniality. There may be years when they will be together, years when they will be apart. They may always be under the same roof or never under the same roof. Any way. Just as it suits.

Mother, however, will have her basic contribution to baby. And it will come before baby is born. Nowadays much of the prospective mother's thought seems to have to go to every variety of sordid household service and into the bathing, buttoning and trundling of other little ones and into the preparing an outfit for the newcomer. Much goes into the consideration of bodily discomforts due to the newcomer's presence. Much goes into mortification over the disadvanges in the mother's appearance which leads her to spend more time than ever monotonously in the house without the bodily and mental sunlight that come from the outer world and that influence mightily the appearance and vitality of the looked-for little one. Much of her thought goes into dread of the supreme moment of birth. The whole period verily of child coming, child bearing, child rearing, as now experienced is fraught with such unpleasantness of sundry sorts that behold race suicide. And race suicide will proceed triumphantly until motherhood shall have become as supremely agreeable as are the other bodily functions. People eat themselves sick for the delight of the eating. They run to ruin, joy mad, over the heavenly felicities that attend everything pertaining to the conception of the child. Nature had to make the moment of conception pleasant in order to bring the child into existence. But the child once conceived, Nature was sure of herself. The mother might agonize through the pre-natal period. She might die in her travail and Nature's need for the perpetuation of the race would remain unfrustrated. So Nature let it go. And we have let it go until our standard for happiness has risen to such degree that women are declining to take the pain.

And they are declining to perpetuate the race if it cannot be done with delight. And such will be their pressure on the race suicide idea that same way, somehow, some time, they are going to live, breathe, eat, dress, think, walk, talk after such a manner that child birth will prove a superb joy and prenatality will inspire magnificats. Here and there to-day are exceptional child comings which are prophetic of to-morrow's common experience.

Relieved of sordid care and untoward fear, the mother will lend her mind and her body to the things that will induce beauty and vigor of physique and mind in the little one. She will direct her thought toward that which she wishes her child to be and to have, toward the beautiful, the blissful, toward art, science, music, divine philosophy. It is material interest in these things and maternal attention focussed upon them rather than maternal achievement in them that develop faculty for them in the offspring, as numberless examples go to show. With a passive mother the father's influence is the stronger, but when the mother's mind becomes active, positive, she molds as she wills. And planets and ancestral and paternal influences are discounted.

The endowment from the mother of a delightful disposition, a beautiful mentality, a handsome, healthy body spell in themselves success and happiness, and give the little heir what all other after gifts together could not yield were this primal blessing lacking. By virtue of this endowment it is a foregone conclusion that the child will have love, friends, pleasures, opportunities, attainment. It will meet no strangers. For all will befriend it. It will find no cold, hard world, for the tenderness, the solicitude, the geniality that less favored people can look for only of the intimate home circle, come to this darling of the gods spontaneously from the many persons with whom it happens to be surrounded.

This is motherhood enough. This is the greater mother love and the larger mother responsibility and the more distinctive rôle of motherhood, the more peculiar, characteristic, incapable function of maternity, to mother the unborn babe, to give it before birth what mother would have it enjoy after birth, to tense the consciousness at concert pitch and to keep it at concert pitch, to express the mother love, the mother courage, the mother

greatness, the maternal instinct, pre-natally. If the mother's mind be "a mansion for all sweet sounds and harmonies," the child's whole life and person will echo her music. If the mother mothers her child unborn, anybody can mother it afterward.

It is said that the pattern feminine figure provides beneath the beautiful Grecian bend ample spaces for the growing infant without disturbing the normal outer contours. And isolated examples give point to the saying. At all events, such a figure will be evolved for the future. Nothing less will be tolerated. And when that figure comes, maternity will lose its last disability. The women will be of such magnificent robustness that the presence of the unborn child will prove a negligible factor in their physical consciousness save as that presence confers extra benefit of body, as it will, and supremely gladdens the mind, proves an inspiration to the mother as sweethearts have proven inspirations to artists. Motherhood will impel to do more, to be better. And it will enable to do more and to be better, the child giving life to the mother as the mother gives life to the child, each feeding the other.

And the whole pre-natal period as its possibilities become appreciated and understood and developed, will prove to be an unrivalled tonic, a fountain of power and pleasure, a halcyon and heyday season fraught with distinguished victory and beautification. And so it will forward the progress of the mother's career instead of retarding it or preventing a career altogether.

For careers the mothers will have. Nothing can keep them out of careers. Even to-day women, married and single, from every walk of life, are going in for the arts and the professions and the trades. And to-day they do it despite all their family and physical disabilities and some strong vestige of the ancient suppressive public opinion, which has been so emphatic that Lester Ward wonders not why women have done no more, but rather why they have done no less. He is surprised at their doing anything at all! And as they are freed of their disabilities they will go in for careers all the more. And that for the very love of the career, for the sheer interest in the work. Those women who turn to housekeeping are going to be housekeepers. And those that relish

cooking are going to be cooks. And those that enjoy playing with children are going to be players with children for such there will be, Froebel setting the great example long ago. And those who like to write, paint, sing, are going to write, paint, sing. And those who like the law, the lecture field, science, philantrophy, commerce, are going to elect these as vocations. No. Perhaps they will never become world luminaries. It is only within reason and in harmony with the development of all geniuses by the cooperation of a free and favorable environment to think that they may evolve geniuses as their practice makes them perfect. But even should they not, and even should they know they never will, women nevertheless will go out into the world and work anyhow. If every worker had to hope to become a leading light and star of the first magnitude in order to justify his toils, most workers would be idle. And through work women will be addedly individualized. They will discover that they are not only wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, sweethearts, but persons. They will believe that one generation of quality is worth four generations of mere quantity. They will consider one fine woman worth more than a brood of commonplace offspring. They will not be set apart as mothers by profession any more than men will be set apart as fathers by profession.

And just as they relations with their children will be relieved of kitchen and nursery service, so their relations with the fathers of their children will be relieved of housemaid and valet service on the part of the woman to the man, and of cheque book and police service on the part of the man to the woman. Sociologies show that women through all history have been a servant race, whether they have been farm hands, harnessed to peasant plows, or gorgeous show servants whose sumptuous liveries of satins and pearls and plumes lent luster to the establishment of their master. And they naturally have looked to their masters for their wages, be these often no more than scanty board and "keep." And because they have been deprived of schooling and deprived of experience in the outer world, naturally they have looked to those who had this experience and schooling for counsel. And because of their physical frailty they have looked

to the huskier race for protection. Less than a hundred years ago Londoners, both men and women, never even ventured through the city park save in groups, and at nightfall they moved under government guards. But things are so different even to-day that much of the current feminine feeling for masculine protection is born of convention and etiquette rather than of personal instinct. And as civilization refines and as the women come universally into their careers and education and consequent self-dependence and self-respect, all the subserviencies and menialities of their position will vanish. And everything that is now done by servant, male or female, will then be achieved by machinery or by experts of rank. The nurse and the cook will have the same social standing as the teacher and the physician.

And the men will love their women and the women will love their men without reckoning with economics. The heart and the heart alone will bind and loose.

Perhaps some pair of lovers will find each other so totally harmonized that they will always bide together. Perhaps they will remain congenial together for a span of years, for a span of months, for a span of weeks. The representative type will never mate. They will live each in his or her own apartments, mingle among both men and women, dine with them, work with them, play with them, participate in the club life, the society life, the home life, the business life of both, extend their affections spontaneously, loving as love lists. The personal temperament, tastes, situations in life, and only these, will rule the expression of the affections and determine the particular sorts of associations that will come with one's several sundry companions. This companion will stimulate artistically, this one intellectually. One is the friend for a lark, one for confidences, one for a walk and a talk and religious reflection. With one world travels. With one business partnerships. With one golf. With one palette and violin. Each fellowship opens up a new individuality in one's own self or exposes a new facet of one's own personality. Some persons will be magnets for many other persons, some for few. Some will have one love. Some will have many loves. Some will have more loves and fewer friendships. Some vice versa. With some love will play a leading rôle and carve

the career. With others it will be more or less evanescent and spasmodic and inconsequential. But for all it will become far more hospitable than now, more generalized, and perfectly purified of our primitively barbarous sense of proprietorship and jealousy. These will seem intolerably poor, petty, unsocial, altogether out of tune with the spirit of the times which will call for an expansion of the heart to embrace all the world. The socialization of the affections and the general camaraderie existing between men and women, the common and constant everydayness of their associations will tend inevitably, involuntarily, spontaneously, to emphasize their intellectual and spiritual communion to the neglect of the carnal and to afford forever larger bases of regard and common meeting grounds for an ever swelling number of kindred spirits.

We shall regard other people's children as we regard our own, other people's parents and other peoples' brothers and sisters as our own. "Home, sweet home" ties may appear beautiful to-day. But as our ideals socialize they will seem narrow, crude, savagely isolated and cold and confining. We shall have to leave the family group to get our breath. We shall need larger distributing centers for our bigger affections. We shall open up our hearts and entertain non-relatives with kinsmen, strangers with life-long intimates. We shall live easily, affectionately among whomsoever happens to be our neighbors. And we shall feel toward them as the people of old felt toward the clan, as we of to-day feel toward our next of kin. What is now provided us in the lesser measure and the lower degree by the little loving home circle we shall then receive in the fuller measure and the loftier degree of the community many, the community any, of the large tenderness and opportunity of the wide, wide world. An expanded clan or family feeling if you will. But the old family group is gone. The representative types live as personal units. And they will thereby betoken the rise of the individual simultaneously with a more perfect socialization of the individual and a completer expression than ever of racial solidarity.

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